

all of us seen through the distorted lens of fear by John Sweet

frost on your lover's fingertips on
sunday morning and
kisses that taste like depression

pure white light and a ring around the sun
that breaks your heart

did you bring gifts?

was the war delayed until the baby was
well enough to be killed?

or maybe the house is filled with
beautiful objects that have no use

maybe the poem is written in
rust-colored blood
on a pale blue bedroom wall

the important thing is that
someone here feels pain

John Sweet lives in upstate New York. He is a firm believer in writing as catharsis, and in the continuous search for an unattainable and constantly evolving absolute truth. His latest poetry collections include *Heathen Tongue* (2018 Kendra Steiner Editions) and *A Flag on Fire is a Song of Hope* (2019 Scars Publications).